

Look Away part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The rest of Friday passed rather quickly, with the young couple settling in their room and resting, before going for a brief walk around the estate, which was full of citrus trees. Joshua was overtly apologetic about not knowing how to broach the subject of his family's black-slaver past. He reassured her many times that he and the rest of his family had cut all ties with that troubling past, as far as their morals went.

"It's alright, you are not defined by your predecessor's actions" Zuri comforted him, wise for her age. Though she didn't confide to him how much the images inside that study room had been burned into her mind.

As appalling as they were, they also kept pulling at her, like a massive car crash you can't look away from, Zuri was catching herself being drawn towards that cursed room throughout the rest of the day. She kept that troubling thought to herself, choosing instead to focus on the fun, relaxing activities she and Joshua would partake in.

She was looking forward to visiting the family stables tomorrow.

"That's some beautiful art your parents got" Zuri said that night, dressed in her orange-colored, sleep-time undergarments, comprised of a booty-hugging pair of cotton shorts and matching crop top that her nipples visibly poked through.

The black girl was looking at the painting placed right opposite the couple's giant double bed. It had a textural element to it with some ultra-thick brush strokes. In front of a dark, brown and beige background of a mountain top, was displayed a gorgeous, fair-skinned Valkyrie-like figure, atop, a brown winged stallion mid-flight. Overlaid over the image where two words, with the letters half scattered:

heroism thea

“So ‘Goddess of heroism...’” Zuri mumbled, her philology background coming in handy, helping her with the meaning of the Greek word “Thea”, as Joshua approached her, with nothing but his boxers on.

“You know how hot you look when you know foreign words?” the young man fooled around, as he came behind the girl and wrapped his arm around her skinny, caramel waist and wide hips. “You’re such an asshole” Zuri joked back with a naughty smile, as she turned her face over towards the taller young man and the two started making out.

On Saturday, the couple woke up as early as a vacation lets you. They walked down the staircase together to join with the rest of Joshua’s family at the breakfast table. Eustace, Kristen and Adelaide were all seated around the big round table, with Josh’s grandparents a bit off to the side.

The slight oddity was the fact that Maddie, the ebony housemaid, was kneeling under the table, facing Josh’s aunt, or rather her dress-covered thighs. “Did you get that stain out, Maddie?” Eustace said in a tone that Zuri read as a sort of scrambling emotion.

“No, Master, I did not” the black girl replied with that same pleasantly monotone voice she had yesterday. “Well, off you go to the kitchen, now” he ordered rather hastily and the girl got out from underneath the table and walked of, Zuri noticing a mysterious glisten on the black girl’s chin.

“Good morning! How was your sleep?” Eustace returned sharply to his lively hosting persona. “It was great, I dropped on the bed like a rock” Zuri replied with a polite smile. The girl always slept with a pair of earphones playing some white noise, which helped her destress and go to sleep.

Even in the calming environment of the countryside, Zuri elected to use them, just to be safe.

After breakfast, during which she had to avoid constantly double-taking the pale grandparents’ off-putting, silent stares, Zuri politely offered to help Maddie with the dish clean-up.

“Can I ask you something, Maddie?” Zuri felt her insides eating her with this question, as both ebony girls were standing side-by-side on the kitchen counter. “Of course, Zuri, ask me anything!” the girl remained eerily pleasant.

Her pretty, dark-blue eyes had this weird quality to them. Similarly to Eustace’s goody-two-shoes of a wife, Kristen, Maddie’s eyelids were always considerably relaxed, as if the girl was high on marijuana, and her pupils looked a bit foggier than normal, like the 20-year-old had early signs of cataracts or something. It was slightly unnerving, but Zuri did not want to be rude and pry in case they had some sort of medical condition.

On the other hand, occasionally ‘hitting the blunt’ herself, Zuri knew a pot-smoker when she saw one, and the two women did not display any other side-effects. It was odd.

Still, this was not what the girl wanted to ask Maddie about.

“How is it, you know, living here? Must be a tad surreal working for all these...old-school crackers. You know, sista to sista” Zuri spoke softly and discreetly, played the ‘black card’ with the stranger.

“Not at all surreal, Miss Zuri” Maddie replied with the same comforting smile than never left her red-glossed lips, her pretty, but uncanny dark blue eyes meeting Zuri. “The Marvins are a wonderful family. They took me in and helped me realize my purpose. It is an honor serving them” the girl spoke a bit robotically, like a pre-programmed text; or a grade A suck-up.

“I know, they’re good people” Zuri internally scoffed at the girl hanging onto the perfect hostess façade. “But doesn’t all the racist history put you off? Not even the whole ‘Master’ thing?” she tried getting a reaction from the black maid. “You don’t have to worry, I won’t snitch on you or anything” she whispered even more quietly, making it clear that their little chat was safe from her employers.

“I don’t understand” Maddie replied with the same honey-sweet voice. “I would never be put off by anything the Marvin family does” she added with the same waiting smile after each sentence.

“Ok” tired of this interaction going nowhere, Zuri turned her gaze back at the dishes she was drying. Preoccupied with that, she almost missed what took place next.

Standing next to her, Maddie’s whole body had frozen for a couple of seconds, and her face twitched as if splashed with an ice bath. When Zuri registered that something was up, she turned to see a Maddie with a very different expression. Nothing like the happy-go-lucky French maid, the black girl looked both disoriented and alarmed.

“Oh my god...” the girl whispered under her breath. “Listen to me! You have to leave this place now!” a wide-eyed Zuri saw the maid imploringly place her hand on her shoulder and squeeze it, looking her dead in the eyes, as she confided her in an urgent but whispery voice, as to not be detected.

She appeared dead serious.

Just at that moment, a finger-snap was heard, as Eustace Marvin walked into the kitchen. “Excited to check out the stables?” the older man asked Zuri in a warm manner, his beard forming a soft smile.

“Uuuuhh” Zuri was fully lost, between the host’s question to her and whatever the fuck just happened with Maddie. The black girl’s body language remained limp for a brief moment and her face was stuck to a limply open mouth and blank, droopy-lid eyes, before reverting back to its previous stoic, maid-ly ways. Maddie’s expression returned to its uncanny pleasantness.

“Well?” Eustace waited for a response. “Yes...Mister Eustace...” Zuri couldn’t help but give bamboozled double-takes towards a now silent, joyfully standing Maddie, as she tried to engage him. “...I can’t wait to see your horses” she added, puzzled like crazy.

What the fuck had just happened? Was Zuri’s lingering thought.



Especially after the latest unexplainable incident in the kitchen, Zuri needed some winding down and isolated by relaxing in the hammock, tied between two trees just outside the porch and reading her book. She attributed Maddie's sudden change of character to some kind of prank.

Hanging out with Joshua's family was stressful at times, particularly whenever his barely sociable, 'dementia-ridden' grandparents were present, when things got unnecessarily tense.

Though his blonde aunt, Adelaide, was of a perfectly sane mind, she also rubbed Zuri the wrong way. Her words, coming out in a soft, pleasant tone, always bared a snobby sting to them. Zuri felt talked down to, or more accurately, as if the older, pale woman was in one a secret the girl was in the dark about.

As for Eustace's African-American wife, Kristen, she appeared like a trophy wife by his side, never saying much besides expressing her love and affection for her husband and extended family, but always looking beautiful and submissively pleasant.

The gen-Z girl hated these kinds of traditionally timid, patriarch-submitting wives, but of course, kept all her opinions to herself to not stir any pots.

All this to say the girl needed some battery recharge. She relished the tranquility of this place, something that was so rare in the noisy city. Even the faraway sounds of the broken kitchen faucet, leaking drops of water onto the metal sink, could not disturb her. It felt relaxing, in a meditative sort of way.

In the afternoon, Josh and Zuri went to check out the stables and do some horse-back riding. The much more experienced Joshua helped his novice girl with everything. It was so fun that Zuri almost forgot about her two weird encounters the other day.

It felt so awesome, so...empowering, being astride such a majestic creature. Bobbing up and down its saddle as it galloped next to Joshua's horse, Zuri felt a bit like having a thrilling out of body experience, attributing it to the rush of riding a horse for the first time.

At night, she and Josh enjoyed a glass of fine, white wine at the house's porch, under the beautiful stars. Adelaide was there, but Kristen had 'retired to her quarters' as per Eustace's words. The evening went by rather wholesomely, with some stories from Joshua's growing up, intercut with small snippets of Zuri's life. Adelaide spoke little, refilling her wine glass 3 or 4 times.

Then the conversation, turned to Eustace's horses. "They are really fascinating creatures" Eustace spoke in deep awe, with his incessant finger-tapping having turned into background noise for Zuri. "To tame such a wild, powerful animal and have under your control is an experience unlike any other" the man sipped his wine. "We do care for them though" Joshua rushed in to save any uncomfortable misunderstandings, knowing how much his vegetarian girlfriend cared about animals.

"Yes, yes, of course. I'm simply speaking from a broader, humanitarian point of view" Eustace rephrased, clearing his throat.

"It's not wrong to say we rule over animals, for god's sake!" Adelaide broke her long streak of silence, her usually flawless Standard English coming out a bit slurred. A tense pause filled the porch. "My dear Adelaide, perhaps your bedding is calling on you" Eustace shot his younger sister a meaningful look, despite his tone remaining hostly and courteous.

"Perhaps..." she simply replied with a mixture of hurt ego and boredom to engage, getting up from her wooden chair and leaving the porch through the front door.

"Excuse my sister's manners, my young lady" the middle-aged man apologized. "No hard feelings, your horses are gorgeous, Mr. Eustace" Zuri responded diplomatically, taking another sip from her second glass of the night.

Throughout the entire day, Zuri was shooing these invasive thoughts away, but her dark side kept being magnetized by that 'cursed' study room. She wanted to see this furniture. NO! These women, again, with a second, different eye, not the shocked, processing sight of yesterday.

And so, as everyone, including her boyfriend, was fast asleep, the girl, clad in her sexy orange night getup, sneaked out of the covers and through the bedroom door and made her way down the stairs as stealthily as possible, moving on her cute, nail-painted toes. She scanned around the ground floor. Everything was dark and quiet, no one around. With the September's night breeze on her half-uncovered booty, Zuri then moved towards that damn door.

The door opened with a slight creak, not enough to wake up anyone. Zuri turned the wall switch on, and illuminated the study with a warm light coming from the chandelier on the ceiling. The five women were there, unsurprisingly, just as Zuri had last seen them yesterday.

Shyly, reluctantly, but at the same type tremendously excited, Zuri approached the one closest to her, the short-haired chair-girl that was holding the chair's seat in her throat. She appeared like a gorgeous,

dark-winged butterfly stuck inside wax, although instead of wax, it was the smooth, glistening resin that encased her for over two centuries.

Like yesterday, Zuri was again amazed at how durable that coating must be, for the woman's body, belonging to an entirely different era, to be preserved so flawlessly. She leaned over, still afraid to touch, but got her face really close to the pretty girl's tilted one, under the 'swallowed', red velvet seat. She kept her glassy, dark-blue eyes pointing up at the seat's bottom, only a couple of inches away from her eyeballs.

Unexpressive, dead, but still, possessing a mesmerizing beauty. The kind that patiently waited for you to marvel at it, indefinitely.

Zuri moved over to the second chair-transformed African, the taller, skinnier, 'three-legged' one. She brushed her fingertips across the woman's dust-covered breasts, then her face, which 'ignored' her presence as it kept eyeing straight ahead, past Zuri. It felt weird to touch something so sensually shaped, and yet so cold, and hard. It really felt like an immaculately carved piece of wood, and yet it wasn't. The dust-wiping lines that Zuri's fingers made over the inanimate piece were visible, betraying her secret presence in the room, but Zuri's mind was elsewhere.

For some fucked-up reason, she wanted to...experience this just like Joshua's racist ancestor had.

So, she took a big breath and gave in to her inner wish, taking a very slow, very careful seat on the black woman's lap, scared she would break her, or even weirder, hurt the looong-dead girl. Naturally, the 'chair-ified' woman did not react whatsoever, keeping the same stern expression on her beautiful face. Her steel-filled asshole only sunk a millimeter or two deeper onto the metal prod at the top of the back-leg, with the added 130-pounds of the girl's curvy body.

Zuri felt...weird to say the least. She was sitting on an actual person! The velvet seat was nice and soft, but the sensation of the girl's legs and her lean body cupping hers from behind was what made the whole experience, sickly exhilarating! Zuri hated herself for that feeling. Why did this felt so good, if she consciously knew how wrong it was? This was a terrible injustice to her race, her people. A physical manifestation of the nightmares of slavery.

But despite all that, the girl was getting a macabre enjoyment out of sensation of the girl's flat chest and flat belly against her back. She could feel her wood-hard nipples lightly poking her shoulder blades. She tenderly placed her arms upon the girl's (now operating as armrests). It was weirdly soothing. No, more than that. It felt...erotic!

With a spike digging into her conscience, Zuri got quickly off the chair, making it slightly wobble on its three legs from her pushing herself off it. Why the fuck am I getting horny? She almost asked herself audibly.

Zuri turned away, composing herself from whatever this indulgence was. She moved to the opposite wall, towards the desk-made woman, the thickest and most curvaceous of all five. She peaked underneath the desk's top, seeing how the woman's spread, leveled legs supported it. Everything had been measured and executed to perfection with all these pieces.

As she got back up, her eyes fell on the arm-standing woman's gorgeous, large breasts, ignoring gravity in their suspended animation. She caressed them as if they were real. Why was she doing that? She had no answer. With her eye line moving up, Zuri's eyes fell higher, on the woman's prodded pussy, 'housing' the top's steel handle.

Nervously scanning around to confirm she was alone, she grabbed the sides of the flat top and carefully lifted it off, taking the steel phallus with it. She leaned over the woman's vertically burrowing hole. The fuck hole was so long, she could not actually see to the very end, with barely any light reaching that deep inside the gaped fuck hole. It must have been over 7 inches deep, with a smooth, 2-inch diameter along its whole length.

These vile people must have ravaged the poor women's bodies (hopefully after killing them, Zuri thought). They probably filled their asses (for the bench-sisters and the one chair girl), mouths (for the other chair) and pussies (for the desk-beauty) with the solidifying resin and then plugged them with the corresponding giant phallus, which operated as the mold to create the holes' unchanging shape.

Almost out of her control (or that's what she'd rather tell herself) the girl found herself placing the tip of her finger on the inverted woman's pink, perfectly rounded pussy-lips, tracing it right on that circular edge like it she was making a fine crystal wine glass 'sing'. Just beneath her finger, was the straight 'cliff' of the abyssal, seemingly endless fuck-hole, now devoid of its perfectly fitting plug. The woman's perfectly circle-shaped pussy-lips felt alien, like they had lost their natural, inherent purpose.

As she touched the objectified woman's, Zuri could not deny feeling once again a moistening tingling on her own, much softer cunt-lips. Once registering that spark of lust, she pulled her finger away, as if it had been zapped by static electricity. She felt even more shame from her arousal.

“What are you doing here?” Joshua’s inquisitive voice coming from somewhere behind her startled the young girl into a yelp! On pure fear instincts, Zuri zipped around to see her boyfriend, standing under the door frame, looking confused. “I...i...” the dumbfounded woman had no real excuse for sneaking in this room in the middle of the night.

From where he was standing, Joshua failed to notice the guiltiest little wet stain that had soaked the gusset of Zuri’s orange pantie-shorts.



Sunday's breakfast was a bit awkward between the young couple, with an embarrassed Zuri speaking alarmingly few words for her extroverted nature, as she downed her coffee. The extent of her explanation to Josh was that she 'was curious'. He didn't press her further on that.

"Unfortunate that you're departing so early" Eustace said as he munched on the extra-syrupy pancakes that Maddie had made him. The couple would leave early Monday morning. "I know, I can't get more days off work, sadly" Zuri explained. "Well, you should sneak in one more horse ride; Joshua told me you quite enjoyed it" the bearded white man proposed.

"I suppose we can" Zuri exchanged a look with Josh, who nodded with a closed smile.

Later in the day, Zuri was enjoying her book, lying ever-so-comfortably on that awesome outdoor hammock. The Marvins still hadn't fixed that runny faucet, but Zuri was not an asshole to let them know. Dressed in her favorite high-waist jean shorts and a different, strapless, long-sleeved crop top, the barefoot black beauty laid her hourglass-shaped body on the comfy hammock and got lost in the pages of her book.

"Would you like me to get you anything, Miss Zuri?" Maddie's soft, girly voice surprised Zuri, causing her book to slip through her hands. The scantily-clad, ebony French-maid had almost magically appeared by her side, as annoyingly demure and servile as she had been throughout Zuri's stay.

"Uhm, no, Maddie, I'm ok, thanks" Zuri replied, catching her breath from the sneaky bitch's friendly ambush. "Of course, let me know if you do" the cute black girl said with a big smile and went to turn away in that ever-so-graceful way.

"Actually..." Zuri got up from the hammock, now simply sitting on its edge. "Yes, Miss Zuri, anything!" the black maid stopped in her tracks, turning with her whole body to face Zuri. Her pretty, dark-blue eyes faced the girl with the same cloudiness as they usually had. But during these few crazy seconds in the kitchen, Zuri could not decide if they had momentarily changed to a more...normal appearance. Whether that glistening foggiess was missing or not. In the chaos of the moment, she could not be certain.

Zuri got up from the hammock and got real close to the black maid, whose delicate ebony hands, covered in white, fishnet fingerless gloves, remained woven together over her apron. "What was that shit you pulled in the kitchen?" she let go of any formalities, needing to get to the bottom of this.

“What do you mean, Miss Zuri?” the single-year-younger girl kept referring to Zuri as a Miss. “You know...the ‘you have to leave’ shit” Zuri was losing her patience. “I’m afraid I don’t recall such an incident” Maddie replied, expressing a true sadness that she was unable to help.

“What’s wrong with you?!” Zuri exploded at the young maid directly, fuming with these dumb theatrics. Not waiting for an answer, she speed-walked inside, pissed off.

While Josh and Zuri got the horses ready, she shared the whole incident with Maddie and her scary message along with its denial. “Hehe, that girl is not very well in the head” Joshua said with a knowing chuckle and a shake of his head, as if this happened often. “She has pulled weird stuff on me, too. I think she’s just bored and that’s how she’s spicing things up for herself” he explained to a frowned Zuri. “She drugs up, too, but my father likes her too much to let her go” he added. “What a weird sense of humor” Zuri commented.

Zuri’s mediocre mood lightened up a bit as she got up on her stallion. Speeding through the open fields with that horse felt as good as a spa day for Zuri, who enjoyed the ride immensely, the horse’s steady galloping being as soothing as the white noise she put every time to fall asleep. They returned from the stables along with the sunset.

“This trip was hella weird” Zuri gave an honest feedback, as she and Josh were walking back to the house, with her arm wrapped around the tall man’s waist and his draped around her shoulder. “With how strange my family can be, I’ll take a ‘hella weird’!” Josh exclaimed in a jokingly triumphant tone and gave his girl a little peck on the lips.

It was...interesting to say the least, but Zuri looked forward to returning to her daily routine.

The naked black girl got out of the shower, with water running from her long, blonde dreads onto her sexy, caramel body. She wrapped it in a towel, covering her C-cup boobies, along with her clean-shaven pussy. She was always thorough in keeping these body parts nice and smooth.

“Joooosh. Have you seen my sunglasses? I’m packing things up” the girl called out from the bedroom, as she was drying her blonde dreadlocks with a towel. She was now dressed in a pair of black linen beach pants, draping loosely around her shapely legs and opening around her ankles. A matching halter wrap top was firmly capping her perky, full breasts (Zuri had made sure that no dad, aunt or grandparents would get any glimpses of anything ‘poking’) before crossing in front of her neck, then going around it. The top showed off her beautiful back as well as her drum-tight belly. Finally, some 3-inch-heeled, suede, summery sandals adored her pretty feet.

No response was heard from anyone. “JOOOOOOOSH” Zuri tried again, but same result.

“JOOOOOOOOOOosh! Where are you, dude?” the black girl called out, this time as she was stepping down the spiraling staircase. The main floor was dark and empty. It was as if everyone had disappeared. “What the fuck..?” the girl mumbled, unable to explain this. As heeled feet clopped along the hardwood floors, Zuri saw light coming from a single direction. It came from the half-open door of a room. Not just any room, either.

The study room.

Full of apprehension and confusion, Zuri approached the lit room. She hesitantly pushed the door fully wide. No one was inside. As her gaze slowly rose, Zuri saw her chunky sunglasses on the floor, in the middle of the room. Next to them though, on the girl’s right side, between the two chair-girls was something that wasn’t there before.

It was a large, old CRT TV set, with a brown, wooden lining, resting on a short, wheeled base. The TV was on, omitting a strong, cold light as it broadcasted the same one-second loop of a shadowy figure, riding a dark horse.

The Horse in Motion. There was a distinct difference though. The rider appeared unmistakably Caucasian, the background also digitally altered to a grey color to display his white skin tone clearly. Only sound coming from the TV was a steady, unchanging, loud static noise. The clip looped indefinitely, with no end in sight.

Zuri felt strangely compelled by that dull, black and white gif of equestrian nature. “The... image on...the wall...” she slurred her words for some reason, referring to her memory of the framed photo.

She slowly walked right in front of the screen, fully ignoring her sunglasses which she almost stepped on with her chunky platform sandals. Her eyes were glued to the image of the galloping black horse. She couldn’t explain why, but she was so enamored with this imagery.

The ebony girl just stood there, her honey-brown eyes reflecting the repeating image of the moving horse, seemingly unable to pull away from it. Zuri could not say if she was staring at it for 10 seconds or 10 minutes. But as she kept watching, she was certain she could hear the black horse’s galloping, as its legs moved. Zuri’s screen-tethered eyes got increasingly heavier and droopier, as with each repetition of the galloping horse, she sunk further and further into a trance.

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As Zuri's mind gradually left the conscious world, the horse's hooves sounded clearer and clearer in her mesmerized mind's ear, resembling more and more a specific action, the kind you don't pay that much attention to:

The rhythmic tapping of Eustace Marvin's fingertips.

With perhaps her last action of consciousness, Zuri recalled all those inconsequential moments when the pleasant middle-aged Caucasian man trilled his fingers in her presence. Then more, similarly fitting instances of that distinct pattern:

The water dripping from the 'faulty' faucet always in groups of four drops, audible by the hammock on which the girl was relaxing each day, matched a watery horse's galloping.

The actual, 'meditative' galloping of Mister Eustace's horses, ringing in her clueless ears.

The last priming element of the girl's hypnosis could not even be recalled by Zuri, since that happened in her sleep. Stealthily waking up in the middle of the night, Joshua would switch the white noise that played on her earbuds with a monotonous, repeating track of rhythmic, galloping taps, then switch it back before Zuri woke up in the morning. It was the reason he had woken up in the dead of night, only to find his bedside empty and discover Zuri in the study room.

Fully dissociating from her earthly environment, Zuri's unblinking eyes remained transfixed on the flashing light of the image on the old TV. Her jaw had dropped slacked and her pretty, juicy lips were now loosely agape, with the first fat glug of saliva making its way across the curved surface of her

bottom lip. Her arms simply hang to her sides. Besides idly standing there, it was as if the girl had lost all functionality and agency of her own body.

The dark color of her pupils had already changed into a foggy, cloudy version, confirming her complete and total absorption into the hypnosis.

“A fine pick you have made, son” Eustace spoke to Joshua, as both men leisurely walked into the study room. Their presence went fully unregistered by the sexy black girl, who kept eyeing the TV screen like a lobotomized patient, her fashionable, elegant and sexy outfit now contrasting with the woman’s de-evolved state.

“Thanks, father. They are not difficult to charm. A few door-holdings and presents can have any female nigger swoon over you” Joshua spoke in a shockingly crude and insulting manner right in front of the hypnotized black girl. Zuri didn’t seem insulted by his remark, since she didn’t even twitch, lost in a different dimension.

Eustace walked right in front of the hypnotized girl and grabbing her by the shoulders, turned her over towards him and his son. Zuri was maneuvered effortlessly, like a standing rag doll, her blank, misty stare now aiming past the two white men’s shoulders.

Eustace tilted his head down a bit so that his eyes could fully meet the girl’s vacant ones. Leaning uncomfortably close to Zuri’s pretty, caramel face, he spoke softly and clearly.

“I am the rider” he said to the girl. “You are the rider” Zuri repeated his words in a monotone, enchanted voice. “You are the horse” Eustace repeated in the same soothing tone. “I am the horse” the black girl confirmed, again, in the same detached tone.

Zuri could have never have cracked the code of the Marvins’ last piece of conditioning, which was right under her nose, as she looked at it every night as she went to bed and every morning she woke up. The painting, opposite her bed, and its cryptic title:

heroism thea or its more useful anagram: *i am the horse*

Joshua took his turn right in front of the idle girl who was trapped inside her own mind. "I am the rider" he said, holding the girl's face in both his hands, his cruel, but very satisfied eyes piercing hers. "You are the rider" Zuri repeated indistinguishably from the first time.

-You are the horse.

-I am the horse.

With the white folks' roles affirmed, forever burned into the black woman's controlled mind, Eustace then 'took the floor' again, to conclude the ebony toy's rewiring. "You are consumed by an undying devotion and adoration for any member of the white race. Your life's goal is to serve and please them, with no restraints" the bearded white man announced to Zuri with a bone-chilling conviction, cementing his very light-skinned family as the benefactors of this unbreakable suggestion.

"Finally, you will address me as Master. Do you understand?" the man waited for the ebony doll's response. "Yes, Master, I understand. I wish nothing more than to serve and please you and every other white person" Zuri said, her cadence now matching her eagerness to serve.

The white patriarch continued, letting a little smirk of satisfaction. "Each time you here this..." he snapped his fingers at that pause, "...you will sink deeper into your blissful hypnosis".

"Yes, Master, I will" Zuri's artificially perky voice continued to abide by her new overlord's laid out rules.

"Now..." Eustace unbelted his trousers and let his milky, rock-hard, 6-inch erection flop out. His grey pubes were only relatively trimmed. Next to him, his son did the same, letting his clean-shaven from pelvis to balls, 8-inches of thick, porcelain hog almost thud onto his thigh by its sheer weight.

"Fellate me while you jerk Joshua off, negro girl" the older man ordered with the same eerily calm tone, despite speaking horrendous words. "Yes, Master" Zuri ignored all racist mistreatment, promptly getting down on her knees. In her new, simple, re-programmed mind there was no such thing as racism. Only the simple, bipolar fact that there were white people, the dominant, best race, to be cherished and worshipped, and then there were all the others.

And she belonged in the second category. She was the horse; to be 'ridden' was her purpose.

On her knees, Zuri generously took the middle-aged man's white hog in her cherry lips, while simultaneously grabbing Joshua's nearby pale monster-cock and beginning to stroke it with a skillful hand. She was absolutely shameless in how deep she pushed her cock-wrapped lips down Eustace's

shaft, bobbing her face across it and getting nice and sloppily wet with her drool, only stopping momentarily to transfer some of that thick throat drool from her hand over to Josh's 'meat-can', offering a great, lubricated handjob along with her blowjob.

"Don't hide your tits, niglet" Joshua said to the girl that only minutes ago was his cherished girlfriend, as both him and his father were looking down at their busy, chocolate plaything.

Not wanting to deprive Master Eustace from the warm pressure of her mouth, Zuri only stole a couple of seconds from Joshua's handjob, in order to pull away the intersecting pieces of dark fabric that went over each brown, shapely breast, fully uncovering her dark udders for her Masters' viewing pleasure, before continuing her oral/manual work.

"Zuri...what a terribly primitive name..." Eustace commented with a yucky cadence in his tone. "I say we call her... Amanda" he suggested. "That's a beautiful name, father" Joshua agreed as he and his dad enjoyed the hypnotized girl's warm lips and stimulating hand.

